

THE CHRONICLE.

FRANK M. DUFFY, Editor.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE Massachusetts legislature has been in continuous session for five months. Poor Massachusetts!

At Columbia, S. C., the weather last week was hotter than for ten years before, thermometers marking 105°.

THE Fayetteville Express has rented itself out to the prohibitionists. What's left of it will be returned to him about the time fall grapes are ripe.

THE mention of the Confederate battle-flags seems to produce as much commotion among patriots now as the sight of them did away back in the sixties.

SPEAKING of the Democratic platform Laps McCord most luridly and emphatically declares that "Col. Colyar is on it." But then, you know Laps is given to jokes.

As a weepist the Tullahoma Guardian wears the belt. The lamentations of Jeremiah are Pickwick Papers compared with his wailings over the depravity of his people.

It is an old story, but worth remembering, the Quaker's consideration for his better half: "All the world is queer, excepting thee and me, and thee is a little queer."

WHY should we wonder at rain-falling for ten hours on a spot in Georgia only two feet square? The prevalence of the Georgia jug will yet reduce water to a space much less than that.

DON'T let the ice-man palm any of his last season's fly-blown stock upon you. Old ice can be detected by its warm and muggy feeling. Avoid it; you would have aristocratically chilling sherry cobbles.

THE Tullahoma Guardian perspiringly ejaculates that "good men are everywhere stripping for the fight." When properly denuded it would be much better if they'd go in the creek and take a bath.

THE coercion bill, the latest and foulest blot on the blemished escutcheon of England, was put through Parliament according to programme Friday night 17th. "Whom the gods would destroy, they must make mad."

OBION Democrat: The Pulaski Citizen nominates Col. A. S. Colyar for Vice-President. He would make a very good tail to a ticket with Samuel J. Randall at the head of it. But the trouble would be to get the Democrats to vote it.

BANNER: The Chicago Inter Ocean makes this searching inquiry: "Where is the man who has a Democratic policy concealed about his person?" We respectfully refer the Inter Ocean to our esteemed contemporary, the editor of the Nashville American.

"ARE we making progress?" an exchange anxiously inquires. If we are are not, what do 1,300 pounds to the ton of coal and four inches of froth to the glass of lager beer mean? Progress—making progress? What is the bottom doing in the middle of the strawberry box if we are not?

JOHNNY RHEA, the young Democrat orator of Logan county, took the Radical candidate for Governor, William O'Bradley through a course of sprouts at Bowling Green last week. Kentucky Democrats are not afraid to speak their sentiments and defend the principles of the party—and side-issue trimmers get tramped on whenever they get in the way.

LAPS McCORD says: "Prohibitionists, as we understand it, are in politics for this trip and train only." That is not the way they are doing in Kentucky. Over there they are going the entire swine, running candidates for every office known to the law—and looking for more offices to be created. Perhaps, after all, McCord is only an honorary member, a kind of brevet Brigadier member taken in "on probation."

THE preacher of the Methodist church had to call order twice last Sunday night. There was some talk of indictments. People who cannot behave should stay away.—Pulaski Citizen.

Perhaps the boys had been accustomed to hearing exhortations from some of the Salvation Army style of orators and therefore they thought the preacher was too slow when he had nothing more sensational to quote from than the Sermon on the Mount, or one of Paul's common-sense letters to the Hebrews or the Corinthians.

THOSE AWFUL FLAGS.

The old banners turned over to the enemy at the close of the war, or captured by them at anytime during the war have created a tempest among certain ones of the rigidly righteous in the north whose patriotism, now that its war is over, is about equal to that of some persons in the south just before the beginning of the war whose zeal inspired them to urge everybody else to shoulder a musket while they kept themselves safely out of harm's way and swallowed oaths, (for trade permits,) as fast as the Yankees offered them.

To Messrs. Fairchild, Tuttle & Co., who appear to be chief howlers of this Salvation Army, we would, as an old Confederate, and dropping the editorial "we," remark and say in true spread-eagle style: Gentlemen of the Grand Army of Grunters: When in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-one there appeared in the northern horizon a war cloud no larger than a man's hand, and when that cloud widened and extended itself from Maine to Kalamazoo—when the immense hordes of the North, enveloped all over in blue—commonly called Lincoln's hordes—arrayed themselves upon the one side, and the gallant sons of the south, all uniformed in Confederate Gray, arrayed themselves upon the other—then I was found on the side of the Gray. And during those four years of mud, blood and destruction whenever one of the aforesaid hordes, enveloped all over in blue, passed across the line of my vision and by his hated presence titillated my optic nerve, then, Sir, the minnie ball ensigned in my rifle would irresistibly leap from its resting place—fly to the bosom of the individual in blue—penetrate his governmental blouse—and entomb itself in the invader's hull!

I would furthermore remark: If any Yankee Officer, private, musician or artificer who was among the John Browners who invaded Tennessee has any flag captured from our command he is requested to keep it. He will find in gold letters on one side of it these words: "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," and he can hang it up as a kind of "God bless Our Home" motto to remind him of his villainy when he was in Tennessee; and when he thinks he is about to die and be called to account for his part of the invasion, robbery and butchery committed in the south he can turn the old flag over and inscribe on its other side his last petition to the devil: "Let us have peace."

THE Clarksville CHRONICLE accuses Col. Colyar of being a Republican because he believes (it says) with Sherman and Randall on the tariff. By that very token the CHRONICLE is Republican because it believes with them on the Blair bill. Now, you old goose, eat your own sauce.—Pulaski Citizen.

And this is the way Bob Taylor's new Brigadier presumes to "jaw back" when a Democrat sees fit to hold up his Vice-presidential candidate, Col. Colyar before the people. Too much military business has turned his head. If McCord knows anything at all he knows that Col. Colyar is not a Democrat. It is not what McCord says about him, nor what the CHRONICLE says, that decides what Col. Colyar is. His record tells it, and every intelligent Democrat knows it. He is for any and everything to divide the Democratic party, he favors the Blair bill to catch Radical votes; he favors a repeal of all tax on whisky and at the same time advocates prohibition (or did until the managers of the new American silenced him) he would take the taxes off of luxuries and pile up the tariff on the necessities of the poor man's every day existence—in fact he favors everything that Sherman and Randall advocates, and he opposes everything that Democracy advances in the interest of the farmers and laboring men of the South.

STATE ELECTIONS.

The number of State elections which will be held this year is small. Governors will be chosen in Iowa, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts and Ohio. Kentucky votes on August 1st, while the elections in the other States named will take place on November 8th. Rhode Island elected its Governor on April 6th. Minor State officers will be chosen this year in New York and Pennsylvania, the election taking place in each State on November 8th. The most important of these elections to the people of the country in general will be the ones held in New York and Ohio. In each of these States the prohibitionists and labor party will have nominees in the field, and the latter intend to make a lively canvass. On account of the "Moral effect" which it may have on the Presidential struggle in 1888 a large vote will undoubtedly be cast by each party in all the States mentioned this year.

SIZING UP THE MUGWUMP.

An Apt Story That Was Told at the West Point Dinner.

WASHINGTON, June 19.—Among the members of the Board of Visitors to West Point this year was Dr. Wm. Everett, of Massachusetts. He is a bright, clever man, and a son of the distinguished American orator, Edward Everett. At the banquet given to the Board of Visitors during the closing exercises at the Academy, the Doctor took the occasion to inform the guests that he was a Mugwump, and wanted everybody to know it. This statement brought Mayor Courtenay, of Charleston, S. C., to his feet, and he said it reminded him of a story. About the time the Mugwump first sprung into existence, an English Lord was visiting this country, and devoted much attention to the study of our institutions and manners. The constant use of the term "Mugwump" during the political campaign attracted his notice, so one day he made bold to ask an American friend what the word "mugwump" meant. "A Republican who votes the Democratic ticket," was the reply.

"And what do they call a Democrat who votes the Republican ticket?" next inquired the curious Englishman.

"I'd call him a damn fool," was the friend's prompt response. The guests are said to have indorsed the hit immensely, with, perhaps, the possible exception of the Mugwump from the Bay State.

RANDALL AS AN OBSTRUCTIONIST.

Memphis Avalanche.

Posing as the savior of the Democratic party seems to be a favorite attitude of Mr. Samuel J. Randall. As a matter of fact, it is rather a thin pretext that Mr. Randall has for posing as a member of the Democratic party at all. He now talks of the danger of any radical interference with the tariff, which he says would be "like taking hold of the hot end of a poker." As an illustration that is very good; as an argument it amounts to nothing. Mr. Randall gives no good reason for his assertion that it would be dangerous for the Democratic party to revise and amend the tariff. He realizes that it is impossible to do so. The country has a right to expect that during the next session of Congress the Democrats will make a vigorous, determined, intelligent and united effort in the direction of tariff reform. Except for Randall and his Republican allies something would already have been done. There is a medium between the stand taken by Mr. Carlisle and that occupied by Mr. Randall—the Chicago platform—upon which every Democrat can stand without doing violence to his conscience or injuring his constituency.

A SUGGESTION.

Banner.

APROPOS of the American's insistent demand for the abolishment of the internal revenue tax on whisky, and its concern for its poor fellows who are arrested and fined for moon-shining and other violations of the law, the Fayetteville Express projects the inquiry whether the arrest and punishment of men for violating the internal revenue laws is much worse than would be the arrest and punishment of violators of a State prohibition law, of which the editor of the American was, a few weeks ago, a prominent advocate and champion. Says the Express:

We respect most highly those people who advocate prohibition for the sake of the youth of the land, but the thought spreads itself over us that the walling for the unfortunate illicit distiller, when the federal government gets him, with a clamor for stronger State laws against him, indulged by some, has underlying it the idea that an abolishment of the federal revenue from whisky would necessitate the continuance of a high protective tariff for their pig iron.

THE OLD FLAGS.

BANNER: The Republican press seem determined to make all of the political capital possible out of the President's assent to the distribution of the old battle flags among the States. The first violent outcry of wounded "loyalty and patriotism" has been made use of by party papers to arouse war prejudices against the Democratic Administration, and even since the revocation of the order, some of the rabid Republican papers are hurrying their denunciations and vituperation upon the "copperhead president" and his "ex-rebel cabinet." They talk glibly of the "emblems of treason" and damn Mr. Cleveland for having spoken of the high abilities and the services of "the arch traitor Calhoun." In fact, they talk as if the war was to be fought over, as if the country were on the verge of ruin and as if there were the devil to pay generally. All this is, of course, for political effect.

Carthage Mirror: The Democracy of Tennessee are able to start a first-class party journal at Nashville. A small contribution of one dollar, and a subscription in addition, from the Democratic masses would give the best newspaper plant and best subscription list ever had by any paper of the South. Let's go to work and establish a central organ that will be conducted in the interest of the people—one that will advocate true Democracy, just and equal laws for the masses and oppose protection and every other species of robbery of the hard earnings of the people under the pretext of law, that is as iniquities and foul in corruption as are its advocates.

THE speeches of John Sherman and the trapeze performance of Red Shirt Tuttle have knocked the 4th of July into an isosceles triangle and torn out the page of the almanac on which the date was printed. This is very, very sad, or very, very funny just as one is inclined to look at such things, but evidently the fool-killer in Tuttle's precinct has desperately neglected his duty in the case of Tuttle. Sherman is not a fool, but then he runs over some of the commandments in a way to make men wonder at the prevalence of crime.

THERE was a distinguished absence of any jubilee feeling in this city on the 50th anniversary of the reign of the power that has made itself execrable for four times fifty years by its oppression of Ireland. But Irish hearts still beat high with hope for the final triumph of justice, confident in the faith that

"Time, at last, sets all things even,
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power,
That can evade, if unforgiven,
The patient watch—the vigil long,
Of him who treasures up a wrong."

PRESIDENT Cleveland is fond of fishing, but for a chief executive of a great many people it seems to us that he is not by any means a good judge of first-class places for fishing. His recent adventure at Saranac Lake was, we are sorry to say, a dismal failure.

We would suggest to Mr. Cleveland that if he will come to Clarksville and bring his family he can get a good seat on the guards of Capt. Gracey's wharf boat where he can let his feet hang down over the waters of the Cumberland and he can catch more channel cat and buffalo in one day than he ever saw in Saranac Lake. No musquitos here either to annoy him. Horace Greely (Horace is a colored fisherman) will show him how to land the twelve pounders, and he can bring him bait from Strawberry Alley, and a CHRONICLE reporter will interview him on the captured flag business, and the effect of the interstate commerce bill on the rates to Paducah—prohibition as an electioneering scheme—and a protective tariff as a Pennsylvania mode of salvation, and other stirring topics. As a good place where he would receive a regular highland welcome, we commend Clarksville to the distinguished consideration of Mr. Cleveland and we also request that Col. Lamont shall come down and test the quality of the bait and shake hands with a few thousand of the "unterrified."

KENTUCKIANS are having lots of fun now in their race for Governor and other State officers while in Tennessee there is no fun nor prospect of stump oratory. The Fourth of July will bring no Christmas guns nor fire crackers—and the average voter can only look forward to the coming circus as the one smiling Oasis in the vast desert of this Summer's existence.

THE Carthage Mirror and Gallatin Tennessean are calling on the Democracy of the entire State for the establishment of a Democratic paper in Nashville. They are right. The Democrats of Montgomery county are disgusted with the American since Col. Colyar has turned it into a protective tariff Radical sheet and they will not permit it sent to their address.

The new paper must be outspoken and thoroughly Democratic, free from isms and most pious cant, and specially clear in its position on the tariff. Such a paper will receive a united and generous support on its merits because the Democracy now feel the need of a paper the circulation of which will be co-extensive with the boundaries of the State and which will give voice to the sentiments of genuine Democrats which is now suppressed by the managers of the American. By all means let us have the paper.

WHENEVER you see a fellow get so everlastingly patriotic that he wants to defeat Democracy in order to carry some petty scheme that will show his personal piety and help his chances to go as a leading delegate to the next convocation of Mugwumps you needn't waste time on him. We say to all such: Good bye John!

FERTILIZER!

THREE OF THE FOUR PREMIUMS

Awarded for the Best Samples of Tobacco shown at the Democrat's Fair was raised by the use of

National Fertilizer!

IT HAS THE LEAD OF ALL FERTILIZERS FOR RAISING FINE AS WELL AS LARGE QUANTITIES OF TOBACCO.

Geo. T. Rosson, District No. 5, was Awarded and Received \$75 in Gold

Offered by the National Fertilizer Company for the best acre of Tobacco raised by use of National Fertilizer.

He Raised 1,575 Lbs. to the Acre. WHO CAN BEAT IT!

—FOR SALE BY—

KEESE & NORTHINGTON.

PAGE & BURNEY,

Livery and Feed Stable,

On Third Street, opposite the Court House.

We have purchased this Stable, and are now prepared to FEED

HORSES AT VERY LIBERAL RATES, only 25 Cts. for a Full Feed of Corn and Hay. We also keep Buggies and Horses for hire. Good Water in the Stable. jun11-2m

OWENSBORO MESSENGER.

The Salvation Army is meeting with a rough reception in Eastern Kentucky. This gang of cranks, tramps and scamps ought to be kicked out of everywhere.

The Nashville American publishes, as a novelty to its readers, the Lord's Prayer. If the American's idea is to put up something that the Tennesseans know nothing about it should print the ten commandments in installments and run the sermon on the mount as a serial.

Aaron Still, a prominent Moses of the ante-bellum anti-slavery agitation, is still for good. He was born in 1820 and died in Pennsylvania two days ago. He was a prominent promoter of the "underground railroad" scheme in his day, but his latest underground scheme promises to be the most permanent he has ever had.

THE pig-iron piety of the American must have been in a somewhat melting mood when Col. Colyar on the 21st devoted six columns to President George S. Kinney's Appeal for justice to the manufacturers and dealers in liquors. Perhaps publishing a prohibition paper is like drinking whisky—a marketable vice—and that anything is justifiable, if it pays.

The "Appeal" is a clearly written expression of Col. Kinney's ideas, and he rests his arguments upon statistics, and figures which every man can read for himself. He states that the merchants and manufacturers of liquor pay yearly \$509,571.31, or nearly six hundred thousand dollars into the treasury, and if the prohibitory amendment passes it will insure a deficit in the State's receipts up to January 1st, 1889 of more than a million of dollars which will have to be raised by adding more to the taxes of the people. It is a striking commentary on the Appeal, with all its statements and figures, that Col. Colyar does not write a single line of editorial concerning it.

New Era (Ky.): The one vital element in the prohibition movement is that which affects us socially and morally—making the question distinctly one of religion rather than politics.

Then why vote on a man's religion at all; and which plank in the creed will sinners next be called on to ratify? What part of the sermon on the Mount tells about these things, and where is prohibition mentioned in the Ten Commandments? There's always an axe to grind when you see these cheap saints traveling over the country neglecting their own business to attend to the business of men who have sense enough to manage their own affairs.

THE Fidelity Bank of Cincinnati suspended on the 21st and nearly two millions of the people's money have "gone where the woodbine twineeth."

ATTENTION DEMOCRATS.

A Kentucky newspaper writer throws in this solid contribution to the current facts which are being brought to light by the prohibition movement:

"The Democratic tide which has been sweeping the State Kentucky for the past quarter of a century has gathered a great deal of driftwood that was floating around loose on the political waves that will now leave it. It never was Democratic timber, and was never at home on the Democratic tide. There is much of it that will never be at home in any party; in fact, it is floating rubbish and drifts with all new currents. We want to warn Democrats, especially young Democrats, to beware of the teachings of political weather-cocks. When you find a man who has been voting with the Democrats, and claiming to be a Democrat, going off into a side or prohibition party, inquire into his antecedents, and you will find that he is some of the driftwood that has been floating with the tide, and perhaps rotten at that. Don't be deceived by them but follow where the Democratic flag flies.

There is nothing strange or peculiar in a Kentucky newspaper telling the truth, but it is something entirely new and out of his line to hear Col. Colyar in his "converted" and rigidly pious American of the 22nd comment on the foregoing in these words:

This is a very clear line of thought. The Democratic party is broad enough to supply every reasonable demand for the people's wants, and no outside political organization will ever so fully represent the underlying principles of popular government. In the meantime it may be noticed that the labor movement which has hitherto confined its line of travel East and West, has never dipped so deeply and so far South before.

Yet in open contradiction to the above "clear line of thought" Col. Colyar is doing everything in his power to lead Democrats out of the party on every imaginable side issue—so that the enemy may and the Democracy in Tennessee divided in 1888 and they hope by this means to gain an easy victory—counting the electoral vote of the State for Sherman, or for Blaine.

THE Boston Transcript asks "why not give the Confederate flags to the holders of the confederate bonds. They seem to be about the only Confederate sympathizers left in the world."

No, let Fairchild and Tuttle keep all they captured—they believe in the doctrine of "to the victors belong the spoils"—only they don't want Mr. Cleveland to apply the doctrine in distributing good paying offices.

An exchange says that in Portland, Me., there is a man with a false nose, a glass eye, but three fingers and one thumb, one ear, false teeth, false hair and a cork leg. The amount of fun that man must have had in the halcyon days of his youth is something thrilling to think of.